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#1

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ALIENS

DEFIANCE



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ART
TRISTAN JONES

COLORS
DAN JACKSON

LETTERING
**NATE PIEKOS
OF BLAMBOT®**

COVER
**MASSIMO
CARNEVALE**

SPECIAL THANKS TO **JOSH IZZO** AND **NICOLE SPIEGEL** AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON**
Designer **CINDY CACEREZ-SPRAGUE**

Editor **SPENCER CUSHING**
Digital Art Technician **CONLEY SMITH**

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30TH ANNIVERSARY
COVER ART
**MARK A.
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**STEPHANIE
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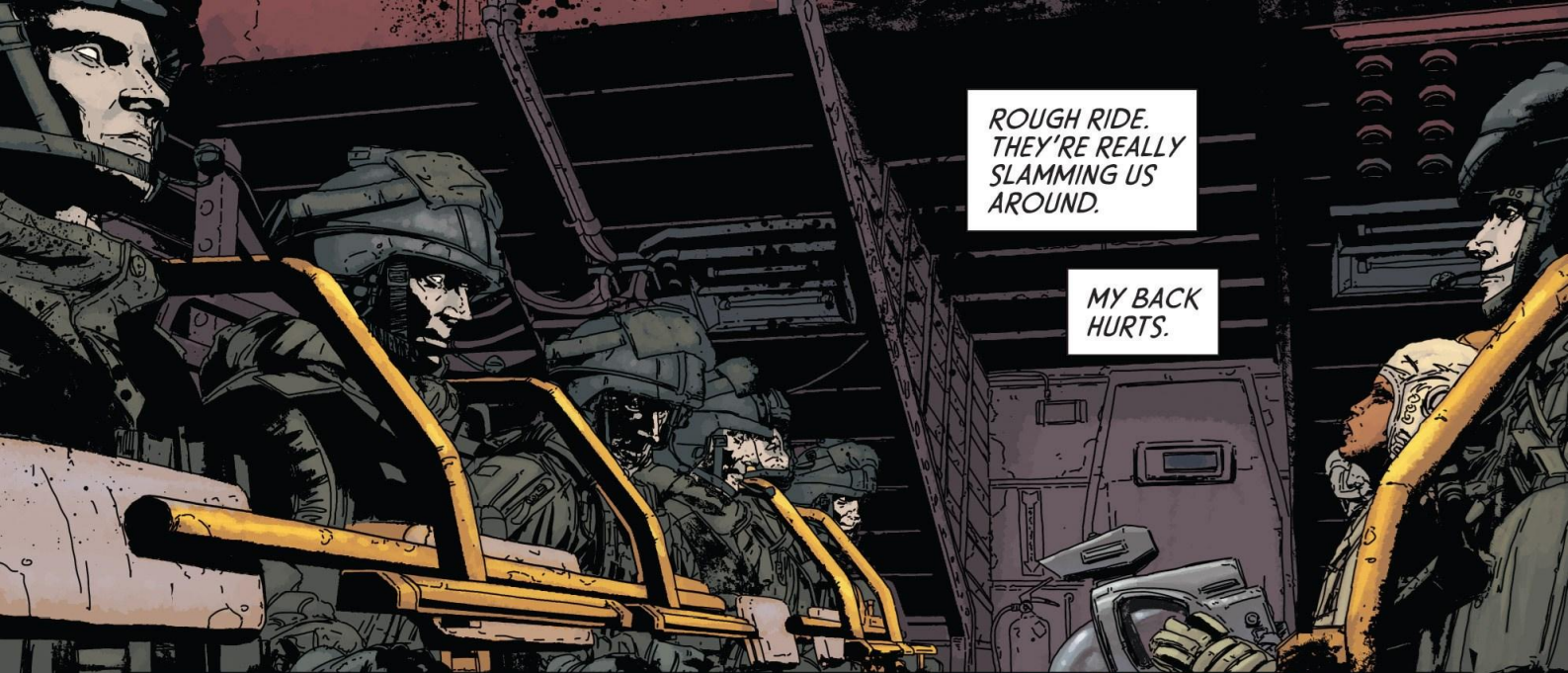
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ROUGH RIDE.
THEY'RE REALLY
SLAMMING US
AROUND.

MY BACK
HURTS.



FOCUS, FOCUS.

MAGNETIC DEFENSIVE
SHIELD. IT'LL SMOOTH
OUT IN A MINUTE.



WHAM

SUCK IT UP,
SOLDIER.

COLONIAL
MARINES,
AND PROUD
OF IT.



MY NAME IS PRIVATE
FIRST CLASS ZULA
HENDRICKS, AND
I'M HERE WITH A
SQUAD OF WEYLAND-
YUTANI CORPORATE
SECURITY DRONES.



PASSING THROUGH
THE OUTER DEFENSES
NOW. SHUTTING
OFF ARTIFICIAL
GRAVITY.

TIME TO
TARGET: FIVE
MINUTES.



HENDRICKS
ZULA
USMC408390
POB

MEANING:
THE DERELICT.



MASS HAULER, ADRIFT. NON-FUNCTIONING TRANSPONDER. NONFUNCTIONING COMMS. MINIMAL LIFE SUPPORT.



WEYLAND-YUTANI'S CLAIMED SALVAGE RIGHTS, BUT THE MILITARY'S JURISDICTION IN LUNAR SPACE MEANS ONE OF THEIR OWN HAS TO GO ABOARD.



I'M HERE TO PUNCH IN A CODE AND TRANSFER ITS FLIGHT RECORDER DATA DOWN TO TRANQUILITY. I'M A GLORIFIED KEY.



IT'S VENTING ATMOSPHERE.

THAT'S WHAT SUITS ARE FOR, SOLDIER.

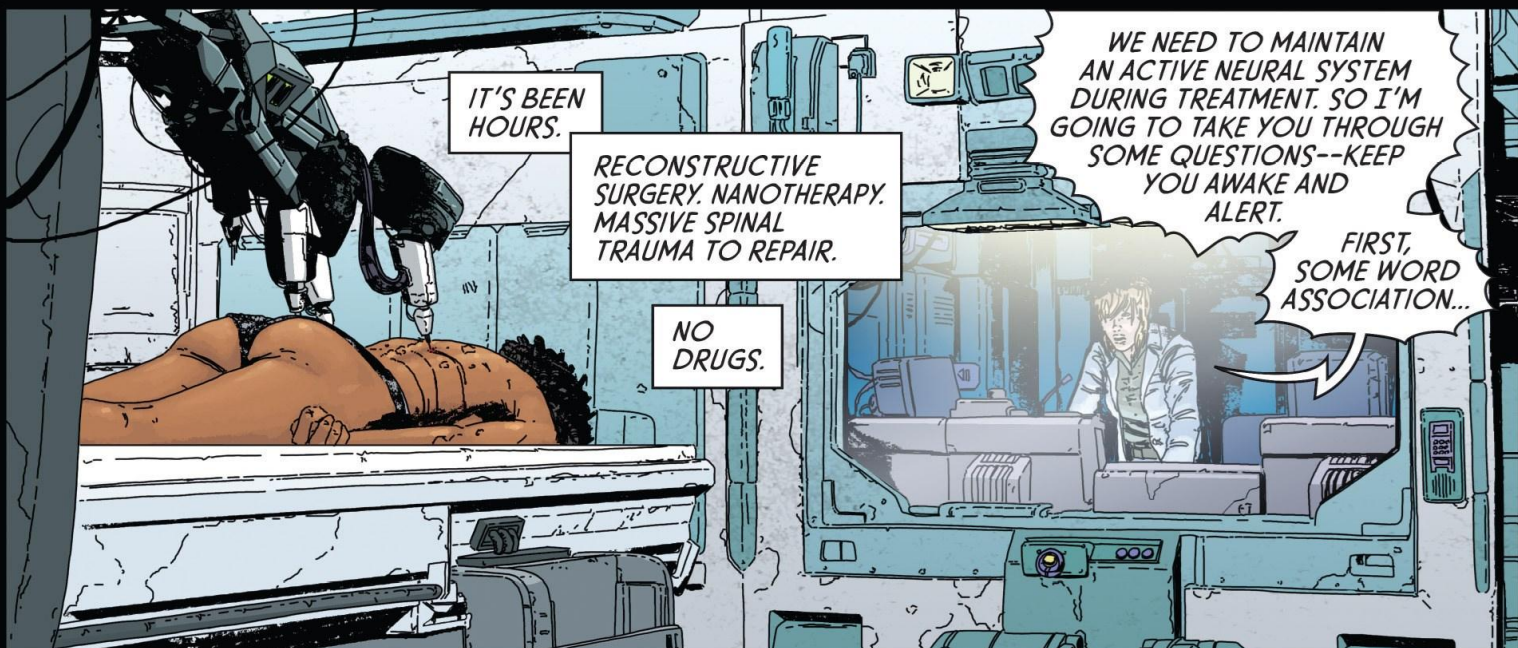
PAIN AGAIN. SHUT IT OUT.

TWO HOURS AND THEN YOU'LL BE BACK HOME.

BACK IN TREATMENT.

TRANQUILITY
BASE. LUNA.





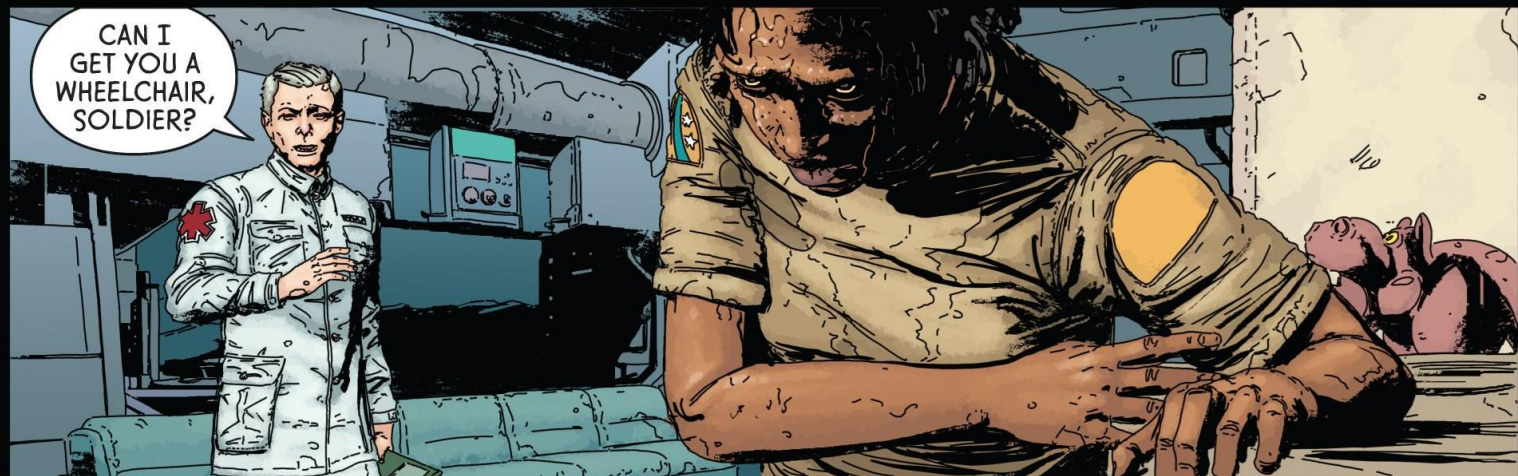
IT'S BEEN HOURS.

RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY. NANOTHERAPY. MASSIVE SPINAL TRAUMA TO REPAIR.

NO DRUGS.

WE NEED TO MAINTAIN AN ACTIVE NEURAL SYSTEM DURING TREATMENT. SO I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU THROUGH SOME QUESTIONS--KEEP YOU AWAKE AND ALERT.

FIRST, SOME WORD ASSOCIATION...



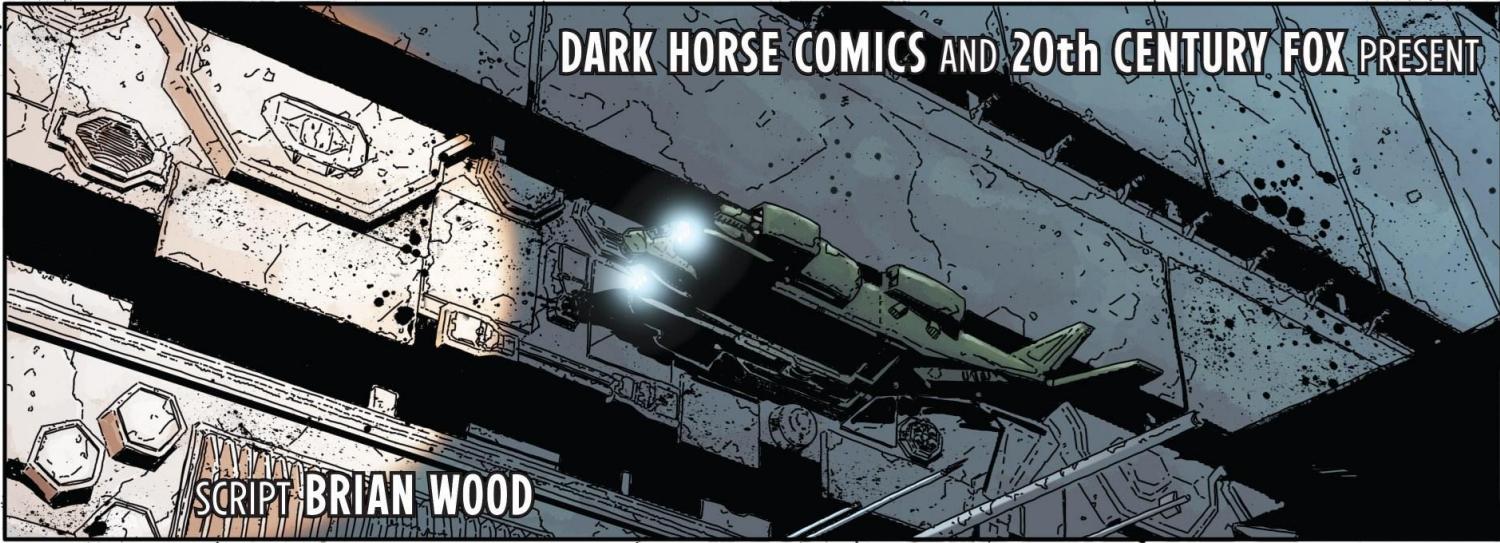
CAN I GET YOU A WHEELCHAIR, SOLDIER?

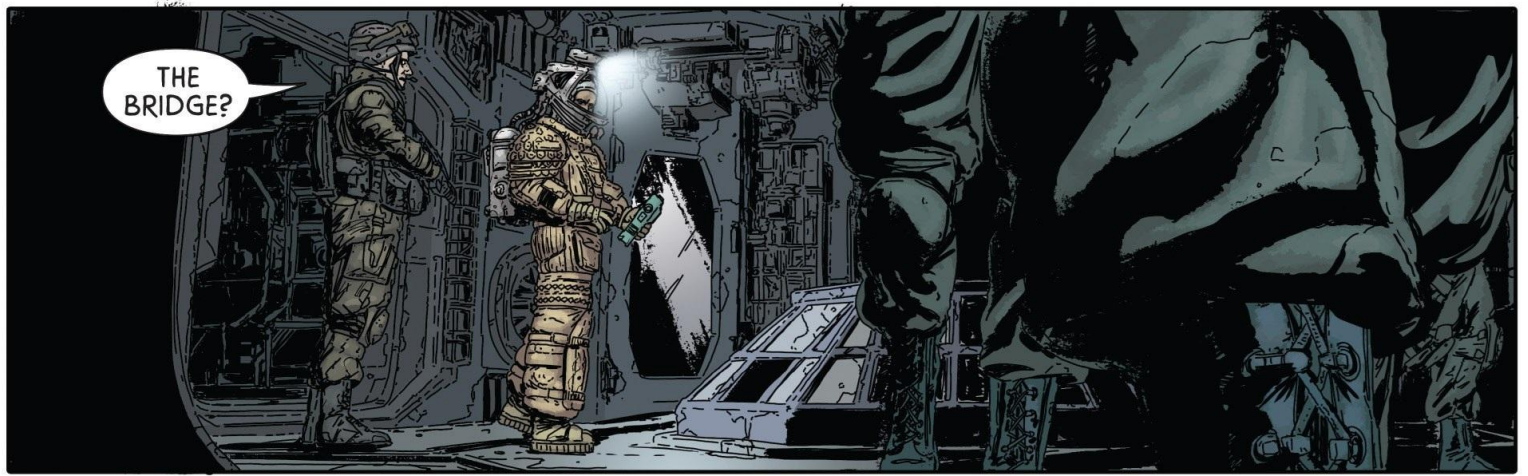


GO, GO, GO!



"I WANT TO SEE YOU MOVE!"





THE
BRIDGE?



TO THE
LEFT. WE CAME
ABOARD MIDSHIPS.
WHY, ARE YOU
COMING WITH
ME?



GUESS SO.



HOW DOES
MILITARY HAVE
CODES FOR AN
UNKNOWN
DERELICT?

COMMERCIAL MARITIME
TREATY OF 2114 CREATED
A STANDARDIZATION OF
EMERGENCY ACCESS
CODES. SO PROBABLY THIS
IS A SEEGSON HAULER,
BASED ON THE PROMPTS
I'M GETTING NOW.

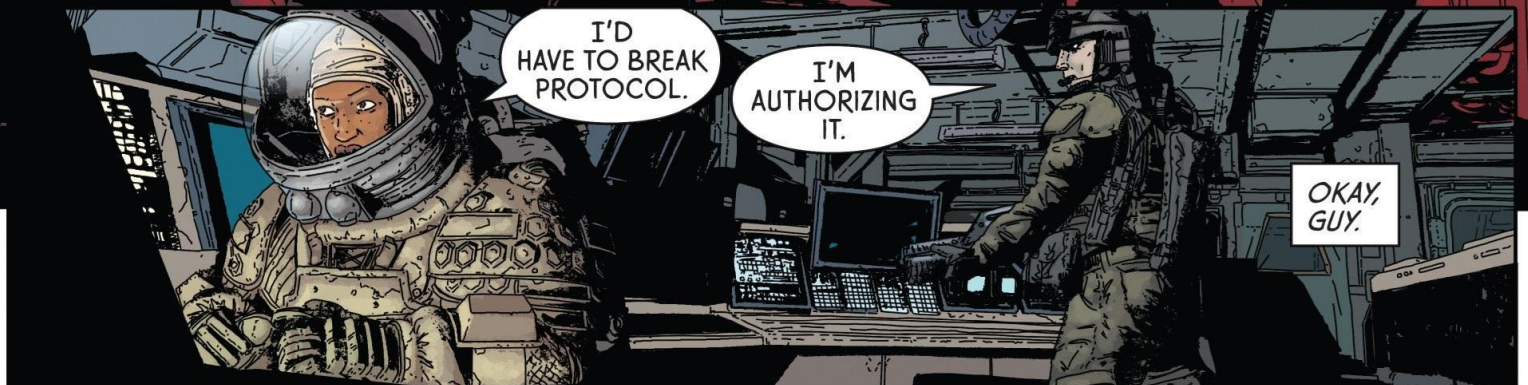
SHE'S THE
EUROPA.



SEEGSON
COMMERCIAL
SPACE IS **NOWHERE**
NEAR LUNA.

IT DIDN'T
DRIFT HERE. SO
WHERE'S THE
CREW?

CAN YOU
BRING UP
THE INTERNAL
SECURITY
LOGS?



I'D
HAVE TO BREAK
PROTOCOL.

I'M
AUTHORIZING
IT.

OKAY,
GUY.



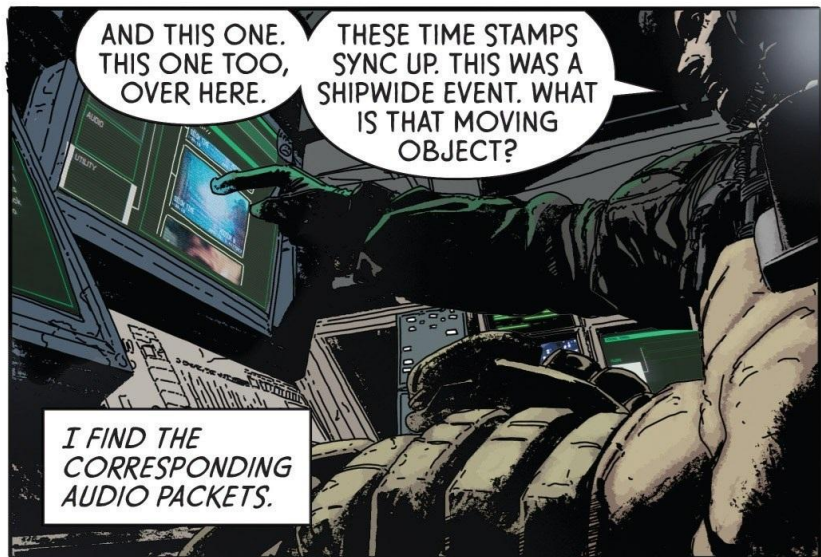
THIS WOULD BE A HELL OF A LOT EASIER IF I COULD WORK ON ATMOSPHERE FIRST, SEALING OFF THE BREACHES, GETTING LIFE SUPPORT UP.

LATER.



HERE. THIS. WHAT'S GOING ON?

CAN YOU PLAY THIS CLIP IN FULL?



AND THIS ONE. THIS ONE TOO, OVER HERE.

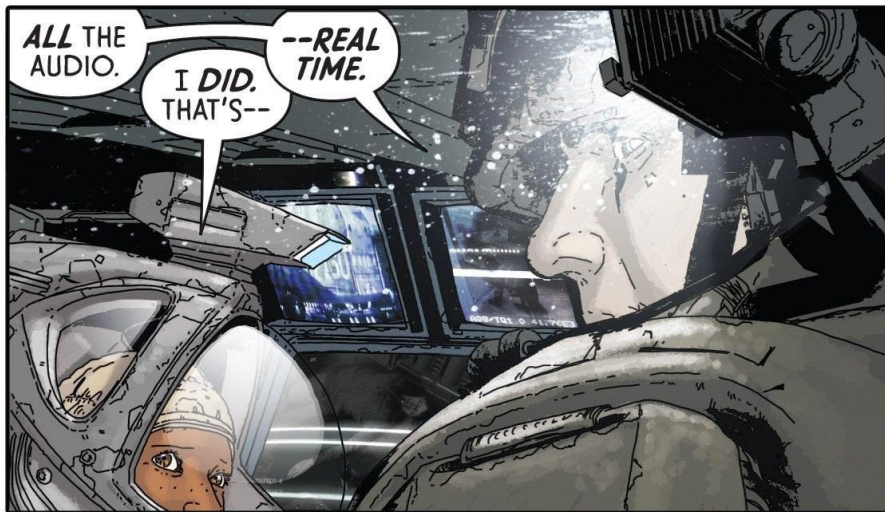
THESE TIME STAMPS SYNC UP. THIS WAS A SHIPWIDE EVENT. WHAT IS THAT MOVING OBJECT?

I FIND THE CORRESPONDING AUDIO PACKETS.



SHOUTS. SCREAMS. WEAPONS FIRE. AND WET-SOUNDING NOISES I IMMEDIATELY IDENTIFY AS CLOSE-QUARTERS COMBAT.

KILL THE AUDIO.



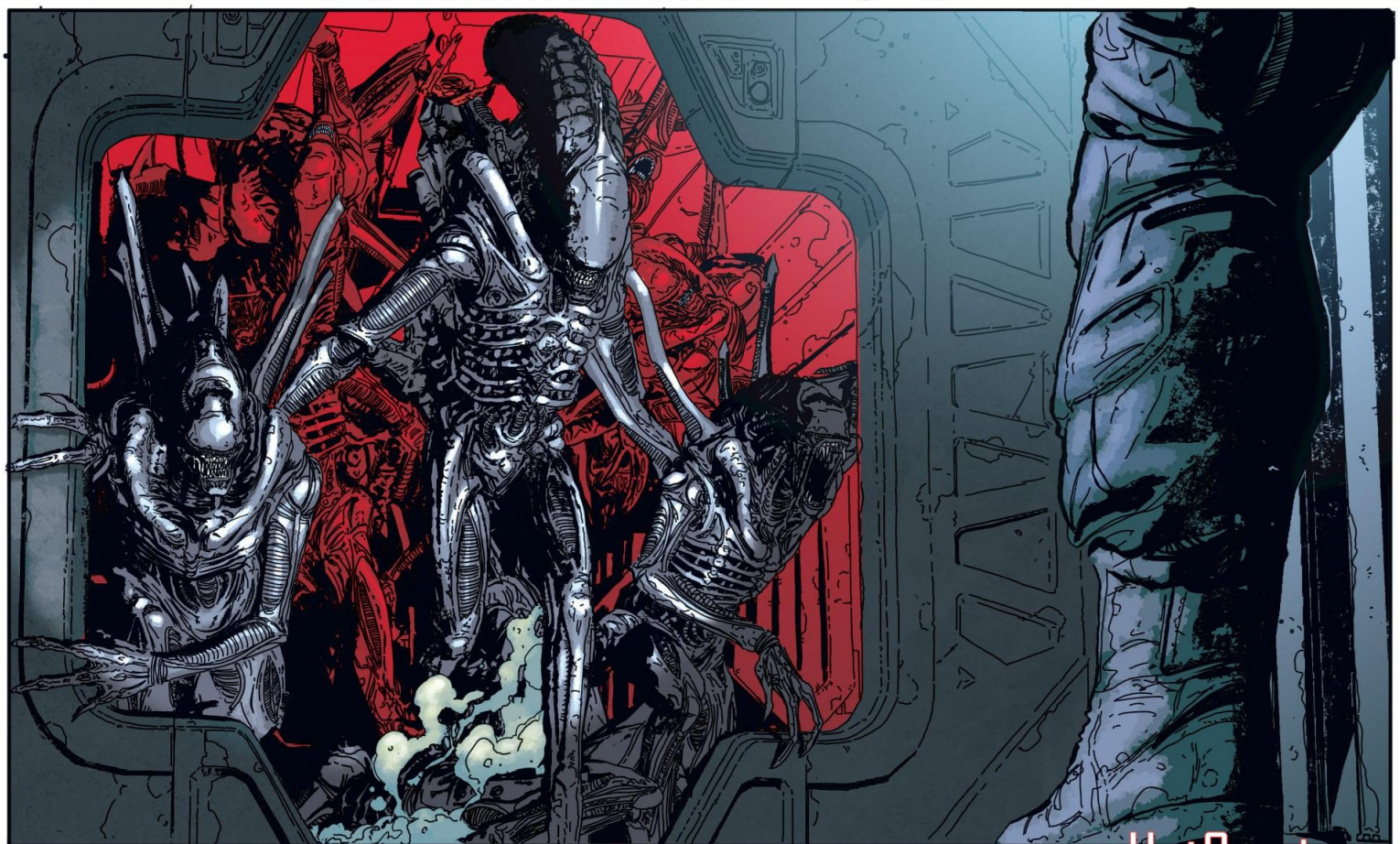
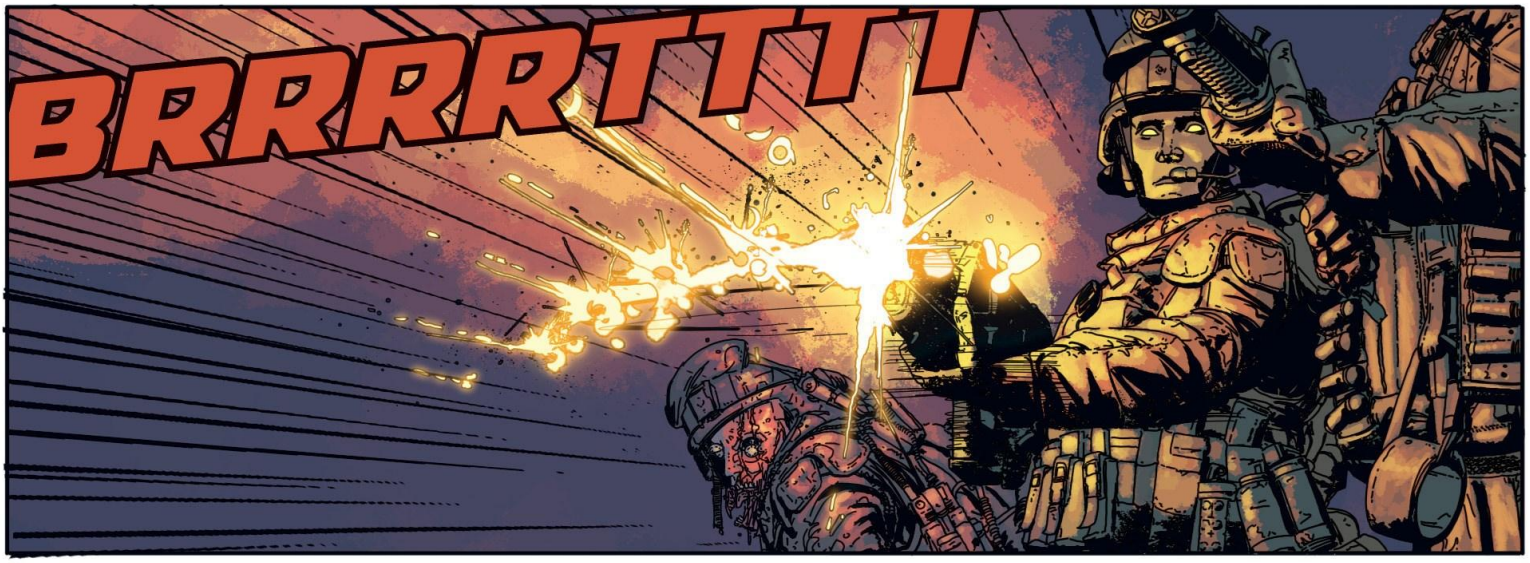
ALL THE AUDIO.

I DID. THAT'S--

--REAL TIME.



I DIDN'T REALIZE SYNTHETICS COULD SCREAM.

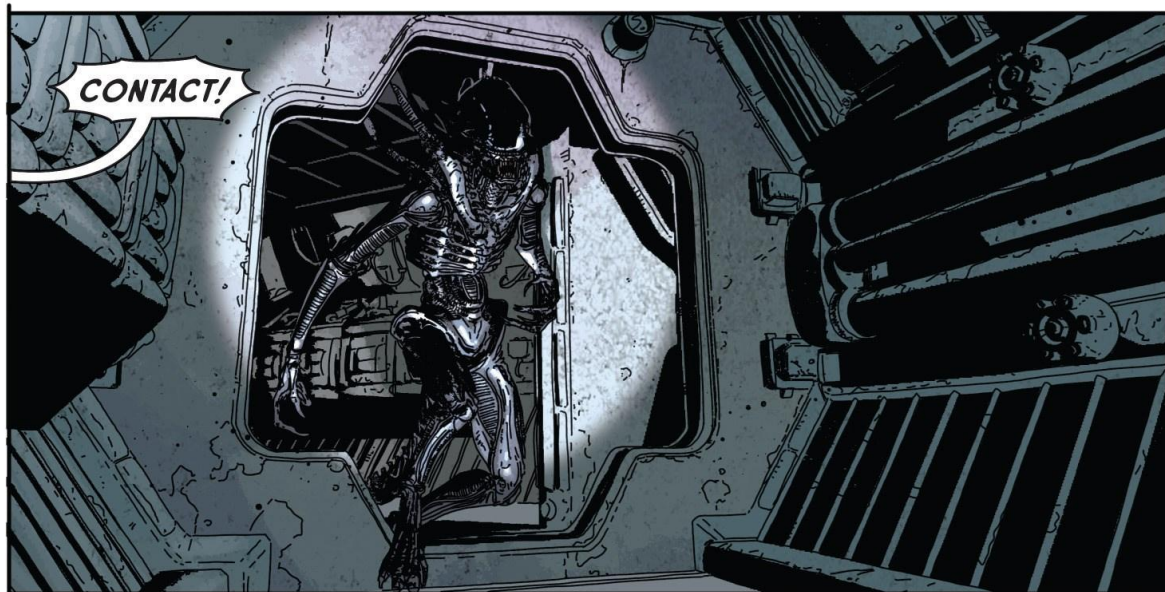






WHERE'S THE
GODDAMN CREW
OF THIS BOAT,
ANYWAY?

ONE
THING AT
A TIME.



CONTACT!



BRRRTT

HENDRICKS,
FALL BACK!

SECURE THE
DROPSHIP!



NOW,
HENDRICKS!



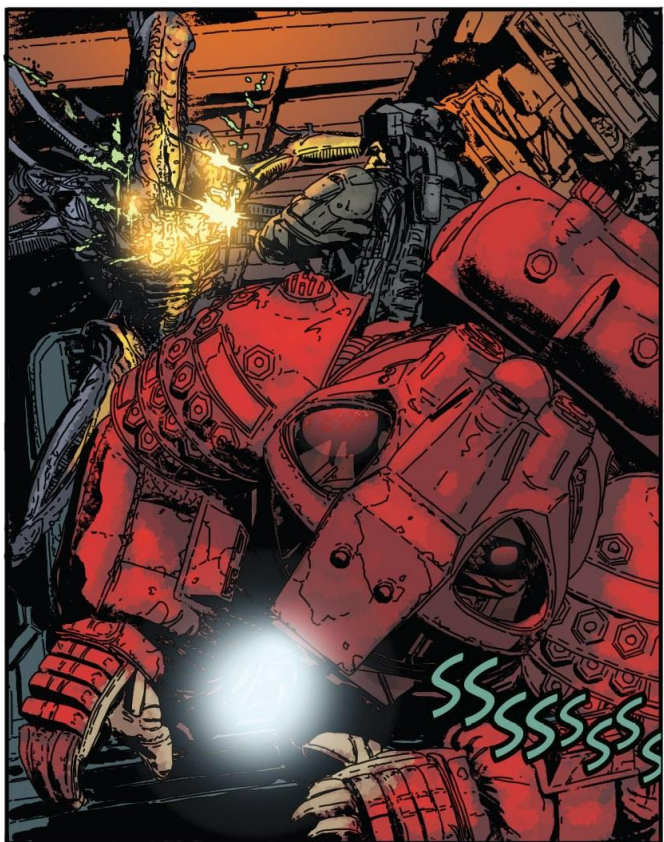
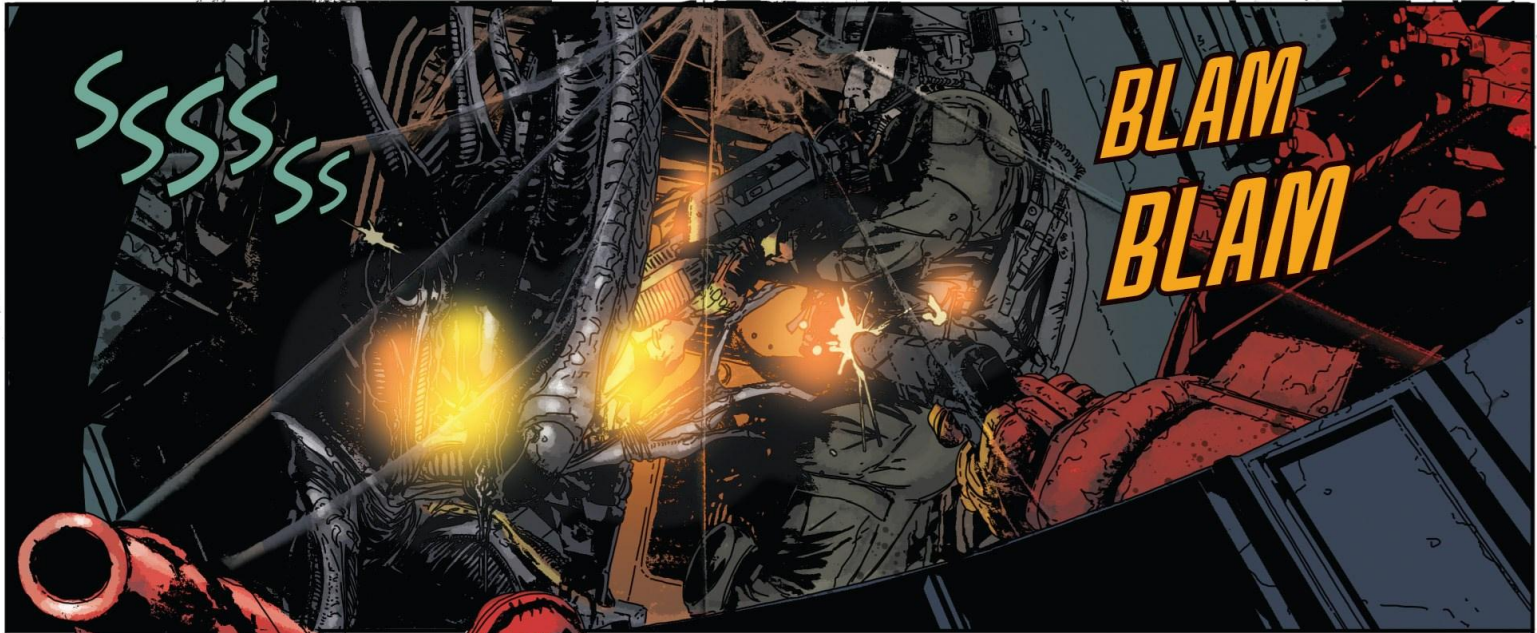
WHAT
THE HELL IS
THAT--

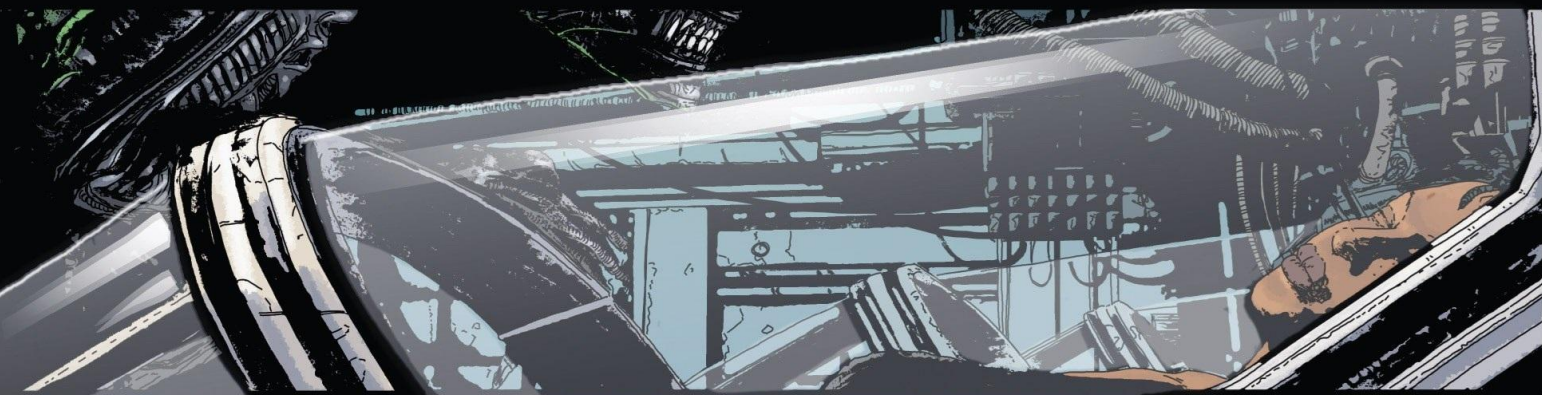
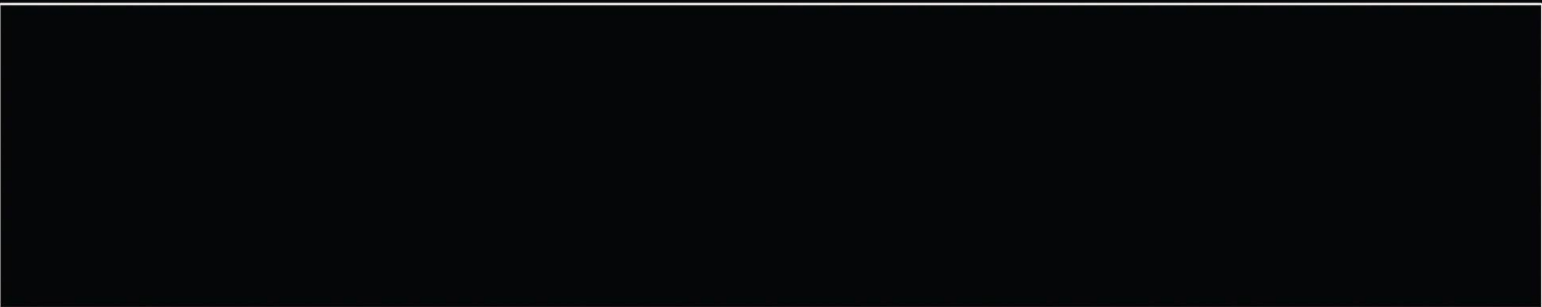
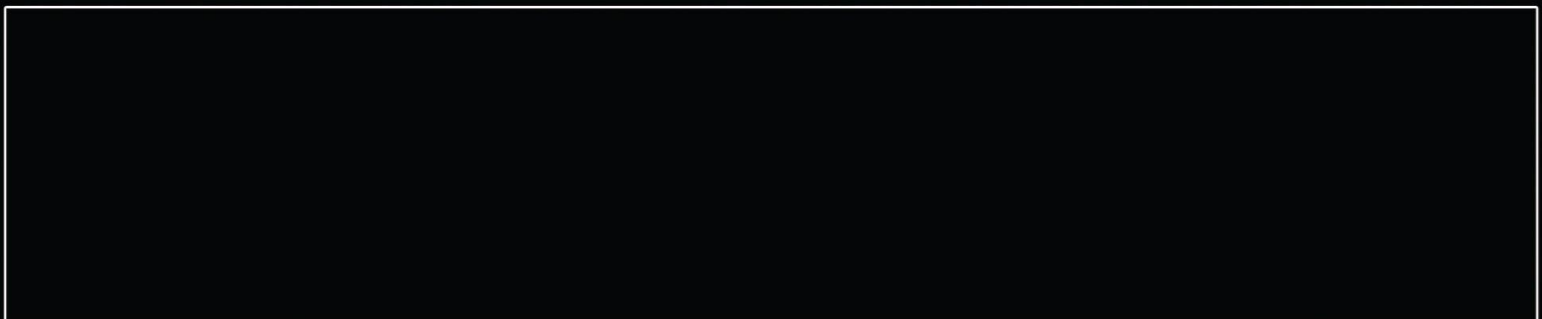
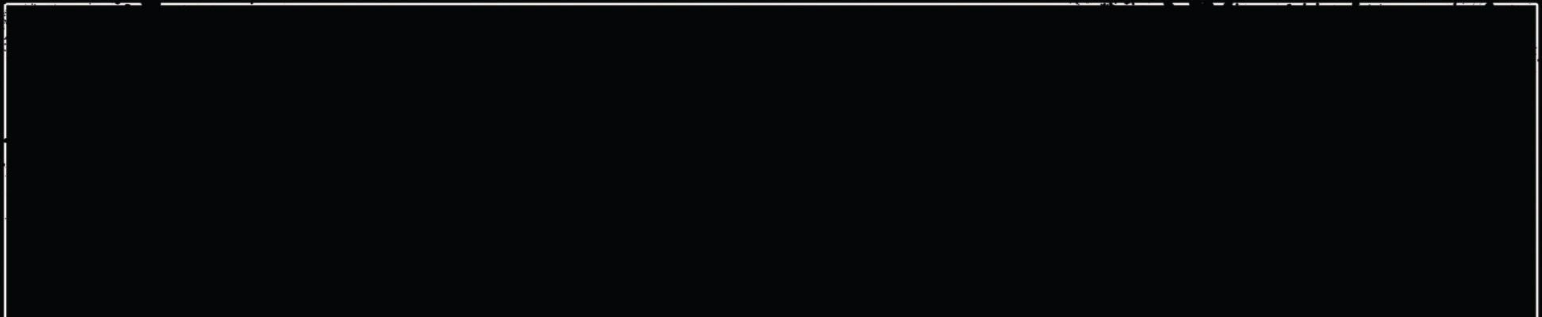
THMP



KRIK

SSSS







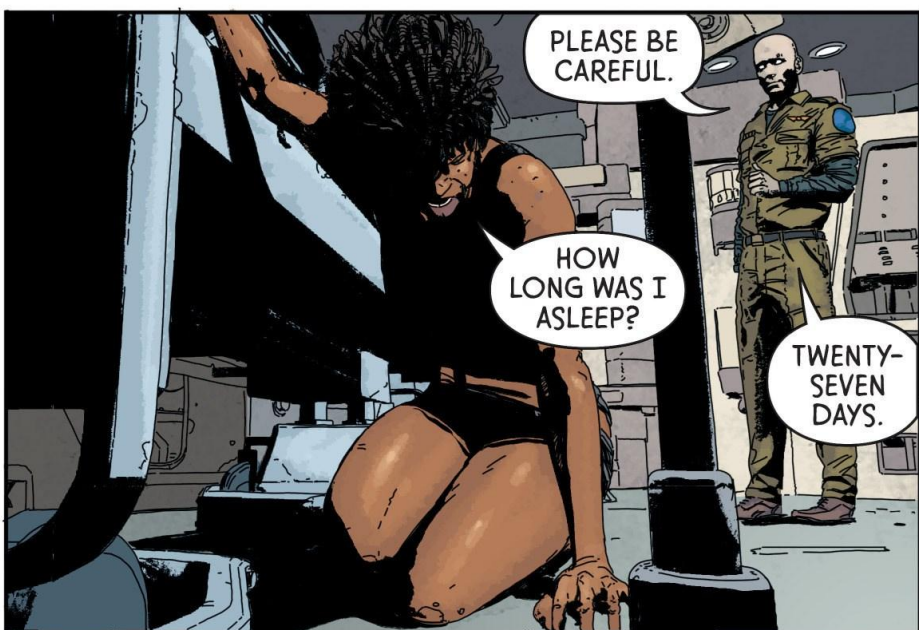
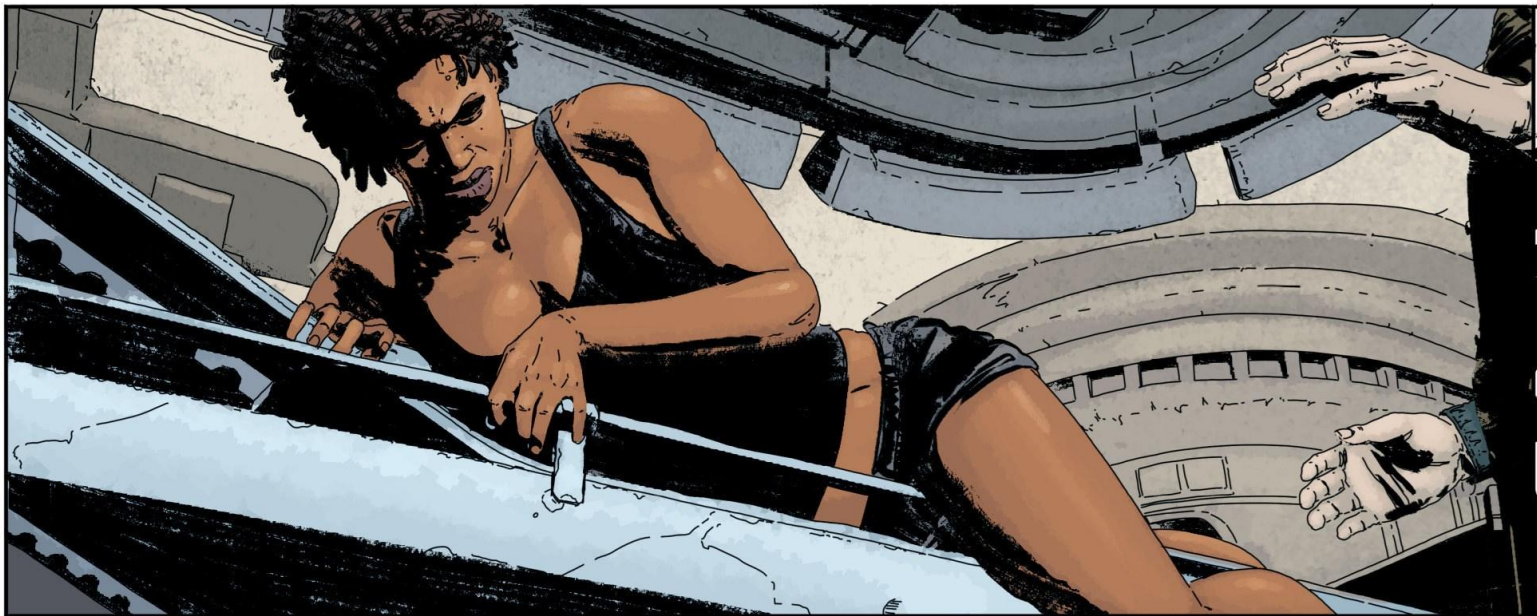
DECEMBER 14, 2137

A PERFECTLY EXECUTED
SLINGSHOT MANEUVER
SENDS THE EUROPA ON AN
EXTRASOLAR TRAJECTORY



"TIME TO
WAKE UP,
ZULA."







PLEASE TELL
ME YOU KILLED
EVERY SINGLE ONE
OF THEM.

GET DRESSED
AND MEET ME ON
THE BRIDGE. I'LL BRIEF
YOU ON EVERYTHING
THAT'S HAPPENED.

YOUR
MUSCLE STRENGTH
AND BALANCE ARE
COMPROMISED
FROM STASIS...



GIVE IT A
FEW MINUTES.
IT'LL FIX
ITSELF.

I DON'T
THINK I LIKE
THIS PERSON.

TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS
WITHOUT TREATMENT.



VREEEE
CHUNK

SHOCK BRACE,
DESIGNED FOR
TRAUMA
STABILIZATION.



PULL
YOURSELF
TOGETHER,
SOLDIER.

IT'S A MIRACLE
I'M WALKING
AT ALL.

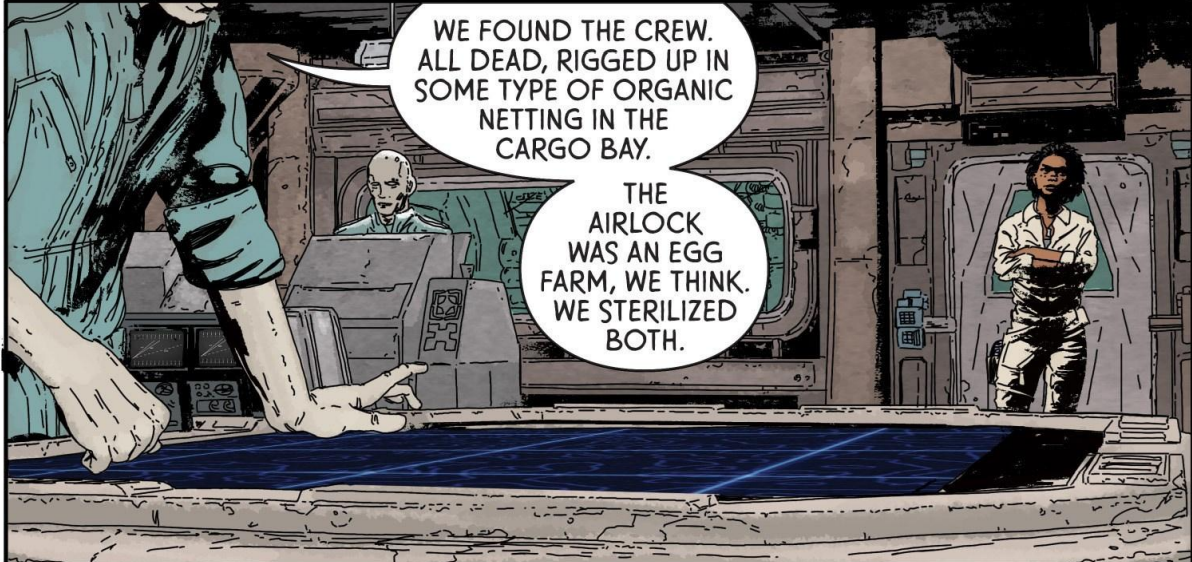


NO WAY AM
I LETTING A
GODDAMN
COMBAT
SYNTHETIC
SEE ME
STRUGGLE.



THE *EUROPA* WAS FULLY INFESTED BY AN UNKNOWN ALIEN SPECIES. WE CLEARED THE INFESTATION.

WE LOST EIGHT OF OUR OWN. THAT LEAVES SIX REMAINING FROM MY UNIT, IN ADDITION TO MYSELF. AND YOU, OBVIOUSLY.



WE FOUND THE CREW. ALL DEAD, RIGGED UP IN SOME TYPE OF ORGANIC NETTING IN THE CARGO BAY.

THE AIRLOCK WAS AN EGG FARM, WE THINK. WE STERILIZED BOTH.



STERILIZED?



FLUSHED IT ALL OUT INTO DEEP SPACE.

THE SHIP IS CLEAN. I WAS **THOROUGH**, PRIVATE HENDRICKS. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE IN STASIS FOR AS LONG AS YOU WERE.

THERE'S ALSO THE MATTER OF THE DROPSHIP.



LET ME GUESS, NO MORE DROPSHIP?


WE'RE ON THE *EUROPA* FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE.



COME TAKE A LOOK.



...
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?



NEAR ZETA DORADUS. SEEGSON HAS SEVASTOPOL STATION IN RETICULUM, BUT THERE ARE SOME RELATED OPERATIONS IN DORADO WHICH WEYLAND-YUTANI WAS NOT AWARE OF.

SPECIFICALLY LV-44-40. THE LAST RECORDED STOP IN THE *EUROPA*'S COMPUTER.

TWELVE DAYS AGO WE STARTED BRAKING, AND WE SHOULD ARRIVE SHORTLY.



WHY? WHY DIDN'T WE RETURN TO TRANQUILITY AFTER SECURING THE SHIP?

DID WE GET NEW ORDERS?



NONE THAT I DEEMED APPROPRIATE.



WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?

"ORDERS" TYPICALLY DON'T MEAN YOU'RE ALLOWED TO PICK AND CHOOSE.



IN NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, ABSOLUTELY.

BUT WE'VE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING LARGER THAN WE WERE PREVIOUSLY MADE AWARE OF. I WAS COMPELLED TO TAKE STEPS TO PROTECT US ALL.



IF
WE MAY
EXPLAIN.



THIS WAS NO ORDINARY
SALVAGE MISSION. WEYLAND-
YUTANI WERE AWARE OF WHAT
WAS ON THIS SHIP.

THEY **KNEW**
ABOUT THE CREATURES?
SO WHY RISK PERSONNEL?
WHY NOT JUST BLAST IT
OUT OF THE SKY?

BECAUSE
THEY **WANT** THEM.
THEY WANT TO
EXPLOIT THEM.

I DOWNLOADED SOME FILES BEFORE I LEFT
TRANQUILITY. WEYLAND-YUTANI HAVE BEEN
AWARE, IN THE MOST GENERAL OF TERMS,
OF A RACE OF LIFE FORMS WITH
EXTRAORDINARY EVOLUTIONARY
DEFENSES.

THEY
WOULD HAVE
BROUGHT
THIS HAULER
TO EARTH.

YEAH, UNDER
CONTAINMENT. HOW IS
THIS ANY DIFFERENT FROM
COLLECTING ANY OTHER
EXTRASOLAR SPECIMEN?

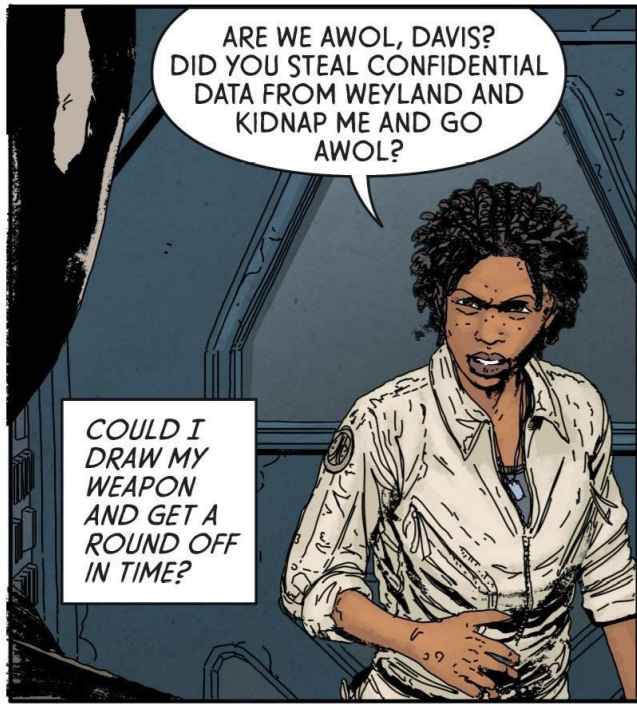


WE FOUGHT THESE...*XENOMORPHS* FOR *DAYS*, HENDRICKS. THEY AREN'T JUST *ANY* SPECIMEN.

THEY USE HUMAN BODIES AS HOSTS. THEIR NEWBORNS ARE COMBAT READY OUT OF THE WOMB. THEIR BLOOD IS A DEFENSE ALL ON ITS OWN.

WHAT'S YOUR DESIGNATION?

DAVIS.



ARE WE AWOL, DAVIS? DID YOU STEAL CONFIDENTIAL DATA FROM WEYLAND AND KIDNAP ME AND GO AWOL?

COULD I DRAW MY WEAPON AND GET A ROUND OFF IN TIME?



I DID DO ALL THAT, YES. BUT HENDRICKS...

...THE ALTERNATIVE WAS INTRODUCING *THIS* TO THE HUMAN RACE.



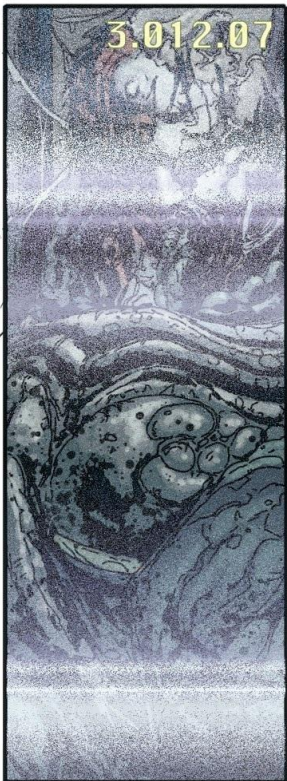
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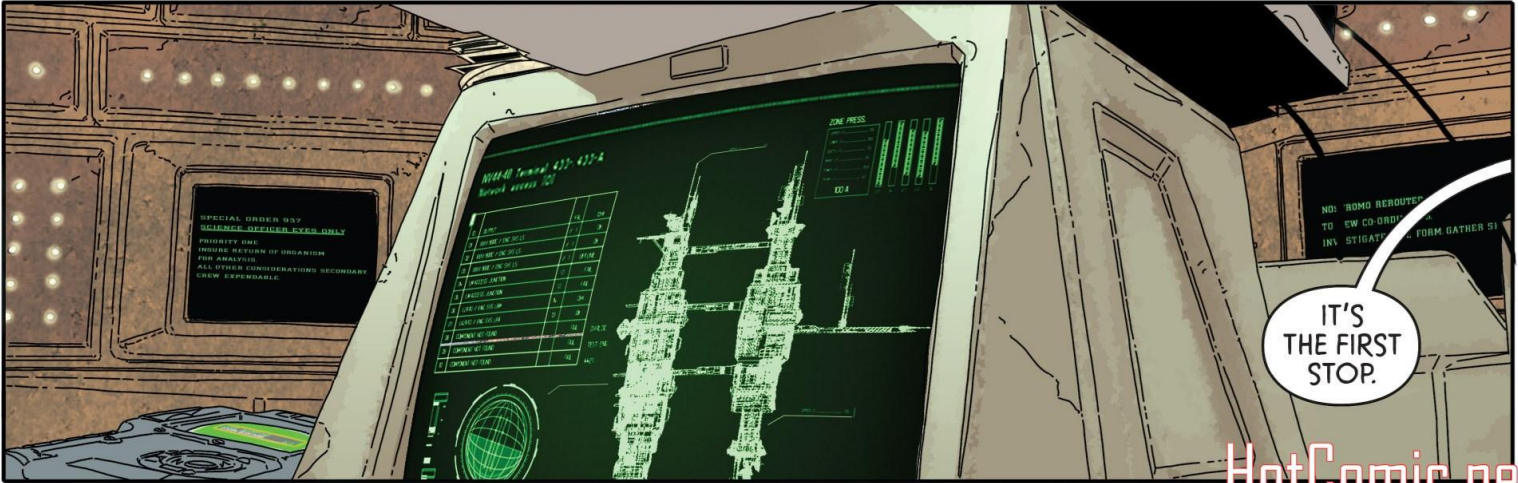
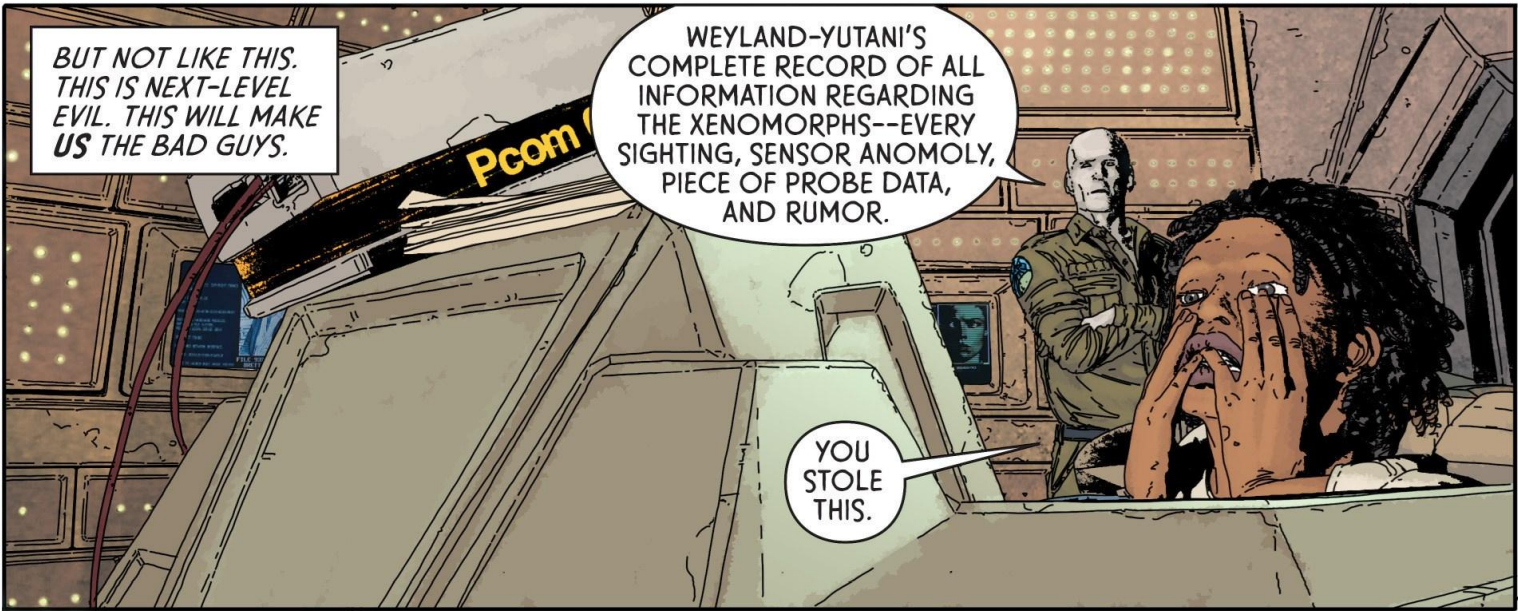
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THEY WOULD TURN THIS INTO A WEAPON.

I'M A MARINE. I'M FOND OF WEAPONS. I *SLEEP* WITH MY WEAPON. I LIKE TO POINT IT AT THE BAD GUYS AND PULL THE TRIGGER. IT'S PRETTY MUCH WHAT WE'RE ALL ABOUT.

ENSURE RETURN OF ORGANISM





V _ THEMIS/XMXX121/LBT-56971-110-0

TRIECT I.V-44-40

VIEWS: 4

Encrypt X5171

"WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW EVERY LEAD IN THESE FILES, GET THERE BEFORE WEYLAND DOES, AND TAKE OUT EVERY ONE OF THESE ALIENS WE FIND."

OORAH.

NO FURTHER ENHANC
SPECIAL ORDER 937
SCIENCE OFFICER EY

PRIORITY ONE

TO BE CONTINUED

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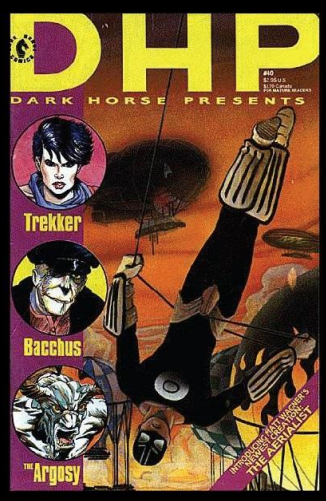
SCRIPT: BRIAN WOOD

ART: TRISTAN JONES

COLORS: DAN JACKSON

LETTERING: NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

COVER ART: MARK A. NELSON



Our front cover pays homage to the cover of *Dark Horse Presents* #40 (1990). The first *Aliens* comic was published by Dark Horse Comics in 1988, and artist Mark A. Nelson drew the cover for that comic as well. The xenomorph monsters became a cultural phenomenon, spawning nearly a dozen more comics series that built on the well-known characters from the wildly popular movies.

